

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



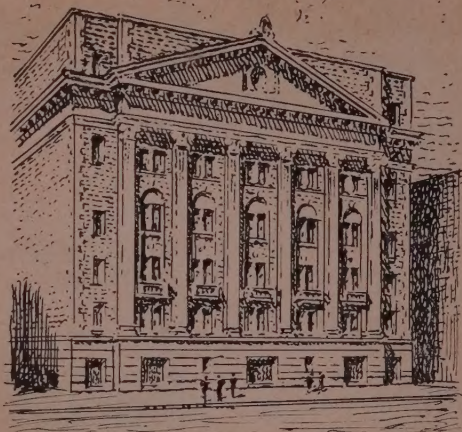
There Be Light"



Build Me a House

Build me a House,
Said God;
Not of cedar-wood or stone,
Where at some altar-place
Men for their sins atone.
To me, your only sin
Is to build my House too small:
Let there be no dome
To shut out the sky,
Let there be no cumbering wall.
Build me a House, a Home,
In the hearts of hungry men—
Hungry for the bread of hope,
Thirsting for faith, yearning for love,
In a world of grief and pain.
Build me a House!

Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



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Number 2

SPRING NOTES



THERE are not many Sundays left before our church closes for the Summer. We are having in every particular the best year which the church has ever known. The attendance, loyalty and support of our constituency has been a great inspiration to all of the workers in the church. A spirit of harmony, cooperation and willingness permeates our entire church as never before. For all this I am deeply grateful and appreciative.

Let us try and make the seven Sundays left in our church year the most vital and inspiring ones of the whole year. As is our custom, our beautiful Mother's Day service will be held on May 10th. Next to Easter this is always the finest Sunday in our church. We are observing Memorial Sunday on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day, May 24th.

On the first Sunday in June, I will preach the annual Baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Chicago's schools and colleges. Our closing Sunday will be June 14th and that Sunday will be an observance of my Thirtieth

Anniversary in the pulpit of the church. I am planning an anniversary address and I hope the service will be one of the highlights of the year.

By the next issue of the Liberalist my summer plans will be sufficiently matured for me to announce them. The only medium which I shall have through which to keep in touch with you and the church through the summer will be the Liberalist, so I urge you to subscribe at once. We need your cooperation. We are trying to make each number one of inspiration and value. For \$1.50 we will mail the magazine each month in the year to any address you desire. The regular features which you will find in this issue will be maintained all through the year.

This will be a very important summer for us all and I plan in every possible way to continue helping wherever I am able. Through the cooperation of our broadcasting station, WJJD, I am to have a fifteen-minute period every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock throughout the summer. These fifteen-minute Sunday morning addresses will be by transcription, but it will enable our church to remain on the air throughout the summertime. Again, please accept my appreciation for all you are doing.

P. B.

EASTER SUNDAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

 NE COULD not help but wonder what kind of an Easter there would be this year with the whole world at war—so out of keeping with the spirit of Easter! How it was elsewhere I cannot say, but this I know—there never was a more spiritual, a more beautiful, a more inspiring Easter-tide in the history of our Church than was celebrated during Holy Week and Easter Day in The Peoples Church this season.

The noonday services held during Holy Week in the Studebaker Theatre were attended by such large audiences it was amazing, and every evening in the church there were very fine congregations. Every service was significant and helpful. Especially beautiful was the annual Memorial and Communion service held on Holy Thursday evening. The list of names read numbered over one hundred for whom Dr. Bradley had given the funeral services during the past year. This is always one of the most impressive services of the entire year.

It would be difficult to put into words the triumph and beauty of the entire four services of Easter Day; each one so inspiring and with such a highly spiritual atmosphere—if one might be stressed more than another, it probably would be the 11:00 o'clock service,

when people crowded in, anxious to hear Dr. Bradley's message of Easter. They filled every seat and corner—every standing space, as well as Channing Hall, where the service came over a loudspeaker direct from the pulpit, and then, unfortunately, hundreds were unable to get in at all. The evening service was just as crowded, and the Church had a great congregation at three o'clock for the Christening service of thirty-nine babies and children, and over 100 adults were received into membership. In all, 5,565 people attended the Easter Day services in the Peoples Church.

The pulpit was most artistically decorated with many beautiful floral offerings which were greatly appreciated throughout the day. The chorus choir sang most beautifully at all services, under the direction of Mr. Abernethy, with Mr. Jorgensen at the organ.

During the week, Dr. Bradley gave 14 sermons and five radio addresses. It was a tired preacher who came home after the last meeting of the week. Easter night we packed for our Mexican trip. Monday morning we were up early and at 11:20 were on our way to Mexico City. In the next Liberalist we will tell you about the trip. To all who helped in so many ways to make this our most triumphant Easter, Dr. Bradley is grateful. G. T. B.

A TELEGRAM

"Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley:

As you leave on your trip to Mexico the Board of Trustees of your church desires to express to you both their very best wishes for a pleasant journey and stay in our neighboring nation to the south. Your Board and your congregation send with you their best wishes in your efforts to promote the most friendly relations between the people of Mexico and the United States.

WALTER H. HERMSDORF,
President of the Board of Trustees, Peoples Church of Chicago."

“IS AMERICA COMPLACENT?”

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, March 8, 1942

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

I HAVE planned to say this morning that which I have not said as a part of the Church service. Those of you attending the morning services know that I have been confining, almost exclusively, our morning Church sermon to emphasizing the spiritual qualities that go to make up the excellency of the individual. This morning because I feel the acuteness of the situation and because it is impossible for me to broadcast the evening services, I have chosen to digress from the pattern of the Lenten season and talk quite frankly, out of the only information which I have available and the best understanding I have, of our present American situation as a people.

I have phrased the subject in the form of a question—"Is America Complacent?"—and the reason I have phrased it that way is to imply the possibility of more than one viewpoint on the question of our complacency. I spend a great deal of my life in actual contact with people, and I love people, I love humanity and like to be where people are. I like to talk to all kinds of people everywhere and I invariably do. I spend a great deal of my life on trains, in public conveyances, on the buses, on the streets, and I am constantly in contact with people. I am facing thousands of them every week. Sometimes, in a week like the one just passed, I have been in three different States, and have spoken to more than 15,000 people whom I could see, and

I love people and they have my first interest. I am tremendously more interested in their welfare than I am in anything else in the world, and I pride myself on the various kinds of people, whom I call "friend." It is a beautiful experience for me, and it is sometimes almost a daily experience, to enter a Pullman Car and have the porter of that car greet me by name. It is an interesting experience to sit down, as I did the other evening, in a diner of a railroad system and have a very fine dinner graciously served to me and then in lieu of a check to find a card stating "With the compliments of the waiters of this car who are your radio listeners," or to walk out on Lawrence Avenue and Sheridan Road and have a newsboy run up to me and say: "Doctor Bradley, here's a paper, and I don't want any money," or to have a policeman or an officer know you and respond to you. I have a very wide circle of friends whom I respect and who have meant a great deal to me. I am tremendously concerned about them and for that reason I am going to say certain things this morning.

I am concerned as I have never been concerned before about people—our people—the people of the United States of America; and hardly a day passes but what I hear someone say to me, "Well, Doctor Bradley, the people of this nation don't realize that we are in the war!" I hear that every day from taxicab drivers, bus conductors, police-

men, traveling men, from everyone—after I have had a discussion of things with them, they will say, “The trouble is the people of the United States of America don’t realize that we are at war.”

Now, I get just a little bit weary of having the people of this nation accused of too much complacency. I know there is a great deal of it, and so do you. I saw it this morning coming to Church when a car of people ran up at full speed to a stop light and ground their brakes—I knew that the people in that car didn’t realize that six months from now they will not be driving that car at all: I knew that. The refusal to save rubber and to drive slowly is bogging down the Traffic Courts in Chicago. Tomorrow will substantiate this statement, for we are having a constant increase of arrests due to speeding, and yet everyone of you know that you can increase the life of an automobile tire by driving under 50 miles an hour, and yet people do not realize that these are the things which create the criticism.

I am not so concerned at this moment with some of these most obvious factors, as I am in proving that as a people we in America are not as complacent as we are being accused of being, particularly by some quarters in Washington—and most of the criticism of Americans and of their complacency as a people in this war effort is coming out of Washington. From certain quarters in Washington they have no difficulty at all in talking in billions and billions and billions which it will be the responsibility of the American people, either in this generation or in subsequent generations, to pay for or else repudiate, or else there will be inflation for American money; and when the American people realize, as indeed a great many of them are realizing, what would directly result from a period of

uncontrolled, unregulated and unrestricted inflation of our dollars in this nation, then, of course, we will awaken to one of the primary and fundamental factors involved in successful war production and war financing. I shudder when I think of a situation existing in the United States Congress where a Committee of Appropriations will pass and influence the passage of legislation involving the raising of billions of dollars while the Committee of Ways and Means of the same Congress has no acquaintanceship whatever with the manner in which this money is going to be raised and paid into the public treasury, until after it becomes a law, while one of the first things that ought to happen in the United States Congress, it seems to me, is that the Committee of Ways and Means and the Committee of Appropriations meet together before any legislation is passed, in order that the minds of the people in this country should not become increasingly confused on how this whole war proposition is going to be financed without inflation to the American people, which would jeopardize our whole economic and industrial structure.

In other words, if they are going to accuse the American people of complacency, may it not be intimated that it might be the direct result of the American people not knowing nor having a very clear, concise conception of the technique necessary in order to give the kind of co-operation which the American people are capable of giving? I do not believe in the theory that we should be silent about these matters rather than give help or sustenance to our enemies, while in the same breath we are confusing ourselves. The one people in this whole situation who ought not to be confused are the American people themselves.

If there is a complacency, where is its origin, and how can we overcome

it? I think it is partly psychological; psychological, because for nearly two centuries we have felt that we were impregnable; we have felt that there was absolutely no possibility of the United States of America ever losing a war. We have felt that we could not lose a war because we have never lost one, and because we are so strong in our resources and in potentiality, that we felt defeat was absolutely impossible and incredible. We have been raised on that psychology. Every one of us has believed that we were undefeatable and no matter what happened to any other nation, or group of nations, nothing could finally happen to us. We have been impregnated with that psychological point of view and it has had a tendency to develop within all of us the feeling that nothing could happen to us: we have felt that to be fundamental. Now we are beginning to realize that we can be defeated; that the United States of America can lose this war. Now we are beginning to see that with the increasing mastery of Japan in the Pacific, the issue is going to resolve itself into the Battle of Australia. The Battle of Java is finished, Japan is in command of the Pacific, and the Battle of Australia is about to begin. The Battle of Australia will be but a prelude to the Battle of India, and when the Battle of India is fought it will be the closing Battle of the War.

We are beginning to experience and understand now that it is a possibility, not for an Emperor of Japan to appoint a Vice Regent to rule in Washington, not that he would designate a Governor for the State of Illinois, or a Provincial Governor for the City of Chicago, who would be a Japanese—I am not talking about that kind of victory, though that is not beyond the realm of possibility. What I am speaking of is the final approximate stalemate which might come through all the nations of the world

continuing war to the extent of such universal exhaustion and such universal impoverishment, both in man power and in resources, that the Peace Conference would be virtually a conference of leaders of wholly exhausted, impoverished peoples; that in that stalemate, in order to recapture and recover something that might be called national honor or racial pride, there would be an impetus to make appeasement in the field of economic interests with the result that those who created that kind of a peace at a stalemate conference peace table would arrange for a system of economic relationships and international trade relationships which would make every citizen of this country a contributing part in the form of indemnity for the next 500 years, and every productive, creative person on this earth would be marshaled into the effort of paying, paying, paying, paying, paying for a squandered and wasted tragedy! That is not beyond the realm of the possible, and any complacency which you might feel, based upon the psychological imperative that we could not lose this war, you have based upon the understanding of an old historic technique by which wars were won. I say to you, upon good authority, there is a possibility of no one winning this war, but every one paying for it. It is not beyond the realm of possibility.

I do not desire to be misunderstood. I am thinking realistically. Now our present emergency, caused by what some have interpreted as a lack of community interest in the propagation of the war, so that there may be a military victory and not an economic disaster, is to be found in the fact that we are about twenty years late in our whole war program. Our enemy nations have a great advantage. Let me express it realistically: Germany last year had an annual income of 40 bil-

lions of dollars and 25 billions were spent in the war effort of the Third Reich. The United States of America last year had an income of 100 billions of dollars, 60 billion dollars more than Germany, yet, in the same period of time that Germany was spending 25 billions of dollars for war effort, we spent 15 billion dollars. We have bogged down in meeting the enemy nations of this earth dollar for dollar, which is essential to anything that approximates victory. This war will be won only when our income and our expenditures for war effort creep closer and closer together, and we Americans don't like that. We don't like the idea of spending so much for so important a situation: that difficulty will have to be overcome. Germany, last year, worked 60 hours a week per man in war production—60 hours a week! We worked less than 40 hours a week per man. You cannot catch up with your enemy as long as you do not face the truth that our whole effort of man power, dollars, wages, labor, must meet the challenge of this hour—that is our duty!

One of our most famous commentators, Mr. Kaltenborn, in a recent broadcast in the opportunity which is his to speak to the nation, asked if anybody in this nation knew of a United States shipyard that was working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and Mr. Kaltenborn had one reply. There is only one Company, of management and capital and workers in the United States of America working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, building ships. We are now just maintaining the proportion of a ship being built for every one being sunk in our own coastal waters, that is all we are doing. You will never win a war that way; you are just going to increase the brutality, murder and death of millions of loyal and brave fighting men by that kind of delay!

Do you know what the shipyards of Germany and the Occupied Areas have been doing this last year? The best records from the secret agents, who have been in the manufacturing institutions in Occupied Areas and in Germany, show that every German shipyard and every shipyard in the Occupied Areas as well, is operating 24 hours every day, 7 days a week, producing bombs and ships. I am not being sentimental this morning, I am being real. I am giving this picture to you now so that we can look at it. We have been looking at it from an artificially stimulated point of view, with flag waving and from a spirit of bravado, in which we have said, "Now I can buy defense bonds and stamps," and from the sophistries and sometimes childlike antics in which we are being stimulated to buy defense bonds and stamps, having it shouted to us from the housetops. Every time we listen to the radio a stimulated enthusiast is trying to tell us not to be complacent in this war.

I wonder what is the matter with us? I am saying again, and taking this position quite frankly and fearlessly because I think too much is involved now: every factory in war production, and every dollar of capital should be at work in this nation 7 days every week and 24 hours every day, and if union labor does not conform to that, put union labor into the army! We have gone just about far enough with the controversies in this nation about a 40 hour week, pay days and pay envelopes, everywhere in our nation, when millions of our boys are fighting and dying for \$21 a month! I care not what criticism or what attack may be made upon me for making this statement, I do not think that there ought to be in this nation one solitary strike of any kind for the duration of this war on the part of any group anywhere.

And when our shipyards and factories are not working to capacity, and labor and capital cannot sit down and get together as they ought to do on a program to increase and maintain the production of the nation's war materials, then I would say that those who prevent such a production are guilty of sabotage!

We in America must catch up now, or it will be too late; we will just about arrive at the time of the stalemate. That is the tragedy before us, and the alternative which is before us is that we must take a new position. There must be unimpeachable and unquestionable selection of the best possible men in every area of this whole productive effort. The situation in Washington must be simplified. The people must not "run around the bush"—there must be the finest type of leadership chosen in every field and department, and a moratorium on all politics! The only thing that ever ought to qualify a man or a woman in this tragic hour of my nation's history, and yours, is competency, and in the background—and I only have time to intimate it—I shall go on from here on Sunday next—underneath the vicious, insidious propaganda of the Japanese, is something that some of us have been refusing to speak about. We have even refused to think about it. I have been thinking about it for a long time.

Read Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color." At work among our own colored people in this nation, among people of India and South America, there is an insidious (and now is the time to bring it out in the open) campaign of the Axis agents, the Japanese saboteurs, in this nation. The FBI knew what they did yesterday in reaching out and seizing more of those agents of Japan, for the campaign now is beginning to come out into the open, and what is it? The final effort is to bring

this whole war into a racial war between the white and the colored races of the globe, and in the background is this ghastly specter that before we are through we may be at each others' throats not because of a difference in nationalism but a difference in race, and there is a new spirit of awakened racial consciousness being born in the world today; a possibility of a group now arising in China to make peace with Japan, the possibility of the colored-skin peoples of the Pacific, of India, working unitedly to bring the white man's civilization crashing about his feet in a ghastly disaster which would be the end of everything!

Ladies and gentlemen, *YOU HAD BETTER WIN THIS WAR SOON BY EVERY DOLLAR, EVERY HOUR OF LABOR, EVERY SACRIFICE! WIN IT SOON FOR THE SAKE OF CIVILIZATION ITSELF!*



★ LET OUR OBJECT
BE OUR COUNTRY,
OUR WHOLE COUNTRY,
AND NOTHING BUT
OUR COUNTRY ★ ★

DANIEL WEBSTER



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

A LOVELY little poem came to us from Lexington, Illinois, a few days ago, holding these lines:

"Will spring return, and the song of birds,

To a world insane with bitterness and strife?

Will God forget the earth He made so fair

Which men have desecrated with their greed?

Will flowers paint again the laughing soil

To comfort troubled hearts in direst need?"

These seemed quite natural questions in these chaotic times, when anything so lovely as spring seemed remote, if not impossible. But the miracle has happened! Spring has come—trees unfolding their tender leaves, robins with their cheery call seeking location to build their nests, daffodils and tulips making the passers-by feel happy whether they will or no. Yes, "Spring and birds and flowers have come again, to comfort troubled hearts" in their sorrow—their bewilderment—their fear. A New England poet, Celia Thaxter, who lived on an island sixteen miles out from the New Hampshire coast, long ago wrote a beautiful poem entitled "The Sunrise Ne'er Failed Us Yet"—even the title sort of makes one hold up one's chin. And now for a peep at what the Mail Bag holds. The first is from a lady who says she is a California visitor in Chicago. Her letter follows in part:

"We have long desired to express our

gratitude for the uplift and inspiration of your radio talks. Coming as they do, after the vigorous and exhausting activities of these busy days, they are doubly acceptable and always appreciated; a veritable tonic.

"Would it be an imposition to ask for a copy of the poem on the Monday evening program, "Let's play it out?" We have in mind a young man on the Pacific Coast who is fighting a real battle with himself and for whom we feel it will have a special appeal.

"Thanking you in anticipation, and again for the spiritualization of thought derived from your good words, we remain but one of the many who eagerly anticipate the program over WGN at six o'clock nightly."

Here is a friendly and charming letter from Detroit. That's "close home" as the saying is—for Dr. Bradley was born and lived till his college years fifty-six miles from Detroit in a little town called Linden.

"Many times after listening to your broadcast, which I never miss, my impulse has been to write and thank you for your thoughtful and inspiring address. Then I have recalled hearing that radio personalities considered their 'fan mail' a nuisance; so, disliking to be intrusive, I have refrained.

"But when, not long ago, you spoke of the alacrity with which listeners correct or adversely criticize a radio speaker, and offered a gentle suggestion that praise is acceptable even to a philosopher—(the use of that word is mine)—I felt the inhibition was lifted;

and I joyously aver that your brief broadcasts are a constant delight and inspiration to me.

"I often marvel at the broad generosity which prompts a man to send his precious thoughts out upon the air, not knowing if they are being received with understanding and response. But we on the receiving end—at least some of us—become very discriminating and sensitive to the personality—perhaps I might even say the soul—of a speaker. There is no physical appearance to distract or bias one's receptivity. Your words are all that count.

"Radio seems to me to approximate spiritual communication. Your thoughts go out on the air. Millions may hear them, but they reach only those minds capable of receiving them—a sort of demonstration of that marvelous power of selectivity inherent in the growing mind or spirit of man. Oh, I know I put it awkwardly, but you get my meaning. And it may add a bit of satisfaction to you to be reminded that over thousands of miles there are many, many people who eagerly listen for your voice and are grateful for your helpful fellowship. Among whom there are none more grateful and appreciative than I."

This next letter is quoted from the Executive Secretary of the United Church Committee on Civic Improvement. The kind and friendly spirit expressed was appreciated very much:

"I take this occasion to thank you must sincerely for the American Democracy Sermon that you saw fit to deliver from your celebrated pulpit on Sunday, March 15.

"The general comment on your sermon, among members of the United Church Committee, and hundreds of others, is that it was a dynamic stroke, especially following the two Pearl Buck thrusts at race discrimination.

"That your sermon required sum-

moning of all your intellectual forces, the display of fortitude, and personal daring, was manifest throughout your discourse. I heard every word of it in the intimacy of my own home and fire-side, and I thank God for such a fearless messenger as you.

"With high regard and a prayer that your great service to God and humanity will continue in the vein of democracy for many years to come, I beg to remain."

We open one now from Fairmont, Indiana:

"I just heard your inspiring talk this evening. I like your definition of 'hope'—its growing implication.

"'I hope so' is spoken with great sighing these days. Too often the one who hopes, doubts more.

"Let me assure you now—most all your nightly messages seem to be expressly for me. Perhaps millions of people feel the same as I do about them. More power to you."

In closing the Mail Bag I am going to give you a four-line poem by Mr. Bret Morrison, the announcer you hear every evening with Dr. Bradley. The more you think of this bit of verse the more you will find in it—called "Search of Truth":

*"I saw a blade of grass—
I saw a tree—*

*Between the grass and tree was I.
Had I looked higher I'd have seen the
sky."*

Be sure to write! and
KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

HEAVEN
NEVER HELPS THE
MAN WHO WILL
NOT ACT.

—Sophocles.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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Editorial

THE COMING summer is sure to be one of change, of readjustment—a summer of work for us all. I expect to visit camps all over this country and possibly outside of this country during the summer, carrying a message to the men under arms and that gallant array of American youth and manhood upon whom now rests the greatest responsibility which this nation has ever known. It will be necessary for many of us to express life in many new ways in this war-torn world. The discoveries we make may prove to be good for our souls.

We are not going to do much racing around the country in our automobiles, as many of us have been accustomed to do, neither are we going to enjoy some of the time-consuming pleasures and sports which many of us have thought so essential. We are all going to learn that simple things are much more fun and much less of a headache than more complex and strenuous good times. Some are going to wake up lazy muscles spading the back yard, to make a garden of beautiful flowers to feed the soul. For many an enjoyable time

will be spent puttering over a basement work-bench. Many of us are going to find simple pleasure in ways and in places where we never thought it existed.

The story is told of a man who was ordered by his physician to walk to work every morning. At first it was a tiresome task; then he began to make a game of it. He fancied himself a famous artist searching for scenes to paint. He found so many picturesque spots and unusual effects that he could not resist the temptation to try and paint them. He spent many delightful week-end hours trying to master the technique of drawing. He may never become noted as an artist, but he has discovered a new source of helpful, delightful and inexpensive pleasure for war-time. Every loyal American is eager to do everything he or she can now. We need to be reminded that it takes 18 of us to keep one soldier in the field provided with supplies and fighting equipment. We shall all do our best, wherever we are, and whatever we are asked to do.

P.B.



BOOK CHATS

THE OTHER day, quite by accident, I met a man whom I have long been wanting to know. I was browsing around the book section of a State Street department store, as is my custom whenever I get a few free moments. The manager said to me: "Dr. Bradley, here is a man I should like to introduce to you," and for the first time I met John Mason Brown. His welcome was cordial and we had a delightful visit. I have long been an admirer of Mr. Brown's dramatic reviews and criticisms. Few men know the theatre and the drama better than he. He has been building an increasing reputation on the platform as a lecturer. I had just finished his book, "Accustomed As I Am." and reveled in every word of it.

The book is a hilarious report from the lecture front and Mr. Brown makes revelations on the perils of the platform that will delight everyone who ever made a speech, introduced a speaker, or who has simply been a part of the great listening public, for here the brave survivor of a hundred club programs tells all in a riotously funny symposium of his adventures, that will leave readers limp with laughter from one end of the land to the other. It is all here—the anguish of the introduction, the long, dreadful silence that follows the words "Are there any questions?" the hazards of public dinners and private parties, the descriptions of trains and hotels and sight-seeing, and keeping up with Mrs. Roosevelt. It is comically wistful when he describes the dismaying return home after a triumphant tour.

Mr. Brown has spent years, as he puts it, travelling from the depths of

the inkwell to the dry land of the platform. His published books until this one have dealt with his inkwell phase. This time we have with us not the celebrated dramatic critic, nor the erudite scholar. Instead it is our pleasure to know him as that irrepressible, lively, amusing man-about-the-country. He is a man of delightful personality, not at all "up-ish" and one feels immediately at home with him. After our little talk, he walked over to the book counter and presented me with an inscribed copy of his book, which shall take its place among the many much loved books for which affection has deepened from my personal contact with the people who wrote them. If you ever have an opportunity of hearing John Mason Brown, hear him by all means.

* * * * *

The present governmental regulations on automobiles and tires is finding a reaction with publishers as well as the public, and now Houghton Mifflin Co. have arranged with David L. Cohn for a history of the automobile age, beginning with the first one-lunger and ending with what threatens to be the day of the tireless car. Mr. Cohn is the author of "The Good Old Days," and of "New Orleans and The Living Past." The book is timely and will be awaited with interest.

* * * * *

We all remember with delight Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's book "Wind, Sand and Stars," and if you haven't read "Flight to Arras," his last book, don't fail to do so. Captain de Saint-Exupéry sums up his credo in this book of action and reflection which the critics are hailing as "a miracle."

These are his words: "Therefore I shall fight against all those who strive to impose a particular way of life upon other ways of life, a particular people upon other peoples, a particular race upon other races, a particular system of thought upon other systems of thought." In these words he outlines an ideal, which if realized, would solve the difficulties of this wounded world.

* * * * *

The publishers of Pocket BOOKS report that January was the biggest month on record, and attribute this partly to the buying of Pocket BOOKS by and for the men in service, in the latter case through the U. S. O. and the Victory Book Campaign. From now on Pocket BOOKS will issue five new titles each month instead of four. Two will be detective stories (to please those who complain that not enough of this type of fiction has been included) and the three others will be novels, books of current interest, anthologies, and so forth.

There is an increasing tendency among publishers to bring out books of this character which can be easily packed and carried. If you do not know this series, it would be well for you to get a list of the titles and send some to the men in service. You may secure a list from Pocket BOOKS, Inc., 1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

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Professor William Bradley Otis of the College of the City of New York, has prepared a list of 100 books classified under two heads: "What Are We Fighting For" and "What Are We Fighting Against?" I have seen this list and it is a very interesting one. To know these books gives a very clear conception of what this world struggle is all about. This list is to be made available to the general public through book stores and libraries. If you are interested you might inquire at public libraries or in any of the book stores. —P. B.

“DRAGON’S TEETH”

By **UPTON SINCLAIR**

Book Review given by Dr. Preston Bradley at The Peoples Church, March 25th, 1942
STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

FEW, if any, novelists who have written in our tongue have had the wide variety of experience with different fields of literary expression, dominated by a great many ideas, that our novelist of the evening, Upton Sinclair, has had. When I think of the tremendous amount of work which he has done over a period of 46 years in which he has been pouring his brain and heart out in very dynamic literature, all of which has been designed for the help, encouragement and development of humanity, I cannot help

but stand utterly amazed at the kind of work which he has accomplished and the amount of writing which he has done. Think of it! Over a period of 46 years, he has written more than sixty books and about twelve plays.

I have only had the pleasure of meeting him once. At that time I asked him: "Mr. Sinclair, would it be possible for you to say in a sentence just what is the objective that you are after with your life?" He is a delightful personality, one of the most charming people I have ever met,

modest, quiet and reserved; not at all the type of the crusader that you might think him to be because of his books and some of his activities, because you know he had to suffer under that terrible epithet, for a great many years, of being a socialist, which meant that you had horns. That is almost amusing now, when I think of the condition the world is in. A socialist nowadays is so meek and pink he does not even arouse curiosity. Mr. Sinclair looked at me with a whimsical smile and said: "I have only one desire in my life, and that is to help humanity to see how their own stupidity creates their own hell, and everything I say and write and do is an effort to awaken and arouse within people the idea that they have within themselves the opportunity to create a beautiful world in which to live." This was the beginning of a friendship which has deepened by correspondence and interest ever since. We are going to send him a report of the lecture, and I shall be very anxious to hear his opinion of my interpretation of his book.

Upton Sinclair has one of those rare combinations of temperament which is dominated by a rational idealism, but which is always penetrated straight through with a very definite sense of reality. In that respect he is not a visionary—not just a dreamer, or a detached personality who lives in a little ivory tower. He realizes that the only instrument one has is society, which is composed of individuals, and therefore the instrument with which one must work is the individual in society. Probably his first national recognition, which set the pace and tempo for all of his later work, came when he wrote "The Jungle." From the point of view of good reading it is still good reading. We are indebted to Upton Sinclair for the remarkable

advance which has been made in the purifying of food sources. It is interesting that Upton Sinclair, who is himself a vegetarian, should receive his greatest recognition, from this sort of book, in the beginning of his great career as an important social voice in literature, using the novel and the play as the medium for imparting his social consciousness. He is absolutely abstemious as regards alcohol, tobacco and meat. The paradox I have thought of so much is, so is Hitler. It is very interesting to know that men like Ghandi, like Upton Sinclair, and a man like Hitler are all practicing the same things in regard to their attitude toward smoking, drinking and the eating of flesh.

Upton Sinclair has had a terrible time with the critics. They would admire his theses, say it was fine to help society and humanity, but he was not literary, and he lacked this and that and the other from the standpoint of literary quality—literary genius. He has now come into his own, even with the literary critics, for regarding his last book in particular, the book of the evening, more than "World's End" or "Between Two Worlds," the predecessors in this immediate series, I haven't run across any literary critic who hasn't acknowledged that here is not only a dominating, powerful thesis, but it is presented with the quality of true literary artistry. The important thing, after all, to remember is this: that when Upton Sinclair was doing his great—what someone has called "his tracts," not dignifying them as literature—when he was talking about the press agent, he dealt an indictment against the American press that has never been answered. It is unanswerable.

Upton Sinclair is always certain of his facts. When he did *The Press Agent*, every important newspaper in

the United States entered into a conspiracy to ignore him. He couldn't get reviews of the book on the literary pages. The American Press said, "Upton Sinclair is dangerous; he's a socialist; he will stir up revolt; he will make trouble," and so the historic answer of the press was silence and they refused to consider him. You remember the one he called "Oil." It is rather pitiful in the presence of this shortage business that we are talking about now, that more people didn't read Sinclair's "Oil," and do something about it. He was just about 25 years ahead of his critics and it is a very difficult thing for a man to be ahead, and make an impression. Most of the time you have to run and catch up with people—then it's fine—but when you have to run on ahead and lead people it is difficult. He has always been ahead of his age and of his nation.

Then he had that fling out in California, when he founded his Epic society for the prevention of poverty and ran for Governor of California. He surprised all those democrats out there by walking right into the Democratic State Convention, and walking out nominated for Governor by the Democratic Party of California. He came within a few thousand votes of being elected Governor of California—and who knows? Perhaps he *was* elected Governor of California.

He was concerned vitally with the economic, industrial, social unrest and injustice of his own people. He had the passion of a reformer, the fundamental kind, who tackled all these problems and used the medium of fiction to present them to us. Then came the Great War of 1914 to '18 and Upton Sinclair deserted temporarily, as it is related to the world order which he sees in the making, the locale of the American scene. He saw with uncanny vision—that mystical unfoldment that

comes to minds and hearts like his—the whole world scene. He got the significance of it years before any other American writer did. He saw it in terms of world proportion.

The conception of the universal belongs almost exclusively to minds of certain rank. Upton Sinclair saw what I think only a few people have seen, and he saw it at a time when only a few people were seeing it; that whatever was happening in the womb of the modern world and was to be given expression and life, would be finally of sufficient inclusiveness to seize the whole earth in its mighty influence. That is what we have in "Between Two Worlds"; that is what we have in "World's End." That is why he takes in juxtaposition an American munitions manufacturing family: taking a little lad of that family to whom we are first introduced when he is a child, Lanny, carrying him right straight on up through the experiences of the book of tonight. While each book is in itself a complete novel and in itself is a complete story from a literary point of view, he has chosen with the skill of the true novelist a life centered around Lanny Budd—taking him through all of the opportunity which, as the character of Lanny Budd, he improves, giving him wealth, and giving him the opportunities which he does in this book by marrying one of the richest girls of the time, Irma Barnes, who was fabulously wealthy. Through great wealth he gives them the opportunity to have all of these contacts with a strata of society in Europe comparable to the society of America, tying up, don't you see, his universal concept, that whatever was building in the world was to be of world proportions. Now I suspicion, though I may be wrong about this, but I suspicion, in "Between Two Worlds," after "World's End," as I saw Lanny grow

up under the impact of his friendship with Rick, the young German chap who became the journalist, and Kurt, the young German chap with whom he was in school on the Continent, and when Kurt becomes a Nazi, revealing the transition which takes place in human consciousness when they become devotees of Nazism—I could see how, against the relief of those two characters, this youth of about 30 in this book, and his marriage and his fatherhood, he was building for the purpose of showing us the impact against a cosmopolitan consciousness, of this vicious thing that came to the world—Nazism. That's the genius of a true novelist. He couldn't have done that and made Lanny exclusively an American boy. He couldn't have told this story and kept the locale in America. That is where some of the writers have completely fallen down, and some very good ones.

He had to use for this theme, a canvas as wide and as high as the sky itself. He couldn't make it American, British, German, Italian—he had to make it a cosmopolitan background, and that's why he has taken Lanny and elevated him to heights, and lowered him to depths. Lanny in "Dragon's Teeth" had no worries and no anxiety—Irma was perfectly satisfied to furnish all the money and didn't want to be embarrassed or interfered with in the enjoyment of the lavish hand with which she could spend, but was always concerned about Lanny being exposed to these communistic and socialistic tendencies, which his Uncle Blackless and some of his friends evidenced in every one of the books. Upton Sinclair said, "I have got to take this rich young man, happily married and fabulously wealthy, and I must use a background in which there is a revelation of the other side—the protest side—the side of pov-

erty, the side of tyranny, and show what tyranny, economic and industrial tyranny does; I have to take this young man Lanny and expose him to those ideas and give him a little taint of susceptibility to them in order to bring out the full picture on the canvas of what happens when Lanny, under the domination of helping his friends, has his personal contacts with Hitler and with Göring and with Goebbels." That is artistry, and shows the sweep of Upton Sinclair—the universal concept and imagination. He thought, in the three years he was at work, many and many a time, what can I do with these sentences, and these characters? He tells us that they moved almost of their own volition for three years—Lanny and his father, Robbie, and mother, Beauty, and his wife Irma and their little baby and his friends, and the spirit medium and Zaharof, and all of that strange accumulation who took the Channel trip on the "Bessie Budd" in the Aegean, off the coast of Portugal, into the English Channel, to Southampton, Copenhagen, and giving all this time the opportunity for the infiltration of this thing that was happening to Europe—that's the touch of the universal—and the kind of a book that throws the whole of the world's struggle and agony up against the background of the universal. Now that is genius and many an important novelist has missed it.

We know there can be no great art without a great theme. Upton Sinclair is too much of a genius and too much of a penetrating analyst of human forces and institutions and social agencies to putter around with a lot of unimportant people. He could no more write "Ivory Mischief" than he could sail to the moon. He realizes that if great art is anything it demands a great theme, and like everything he

has written, the theme took possession of him and captured him—it took possession of his brain and heart. When he saw this ghastly thing happening to the world, he said, “I am going to take these characters and create these people and build them against a background of this viciousness, and I am going to do it with faithful reality to every issue involved; and then, when I step into the historicity of the situation I will set for myself a standard of accuracy that cannot be questioned”; and that is what he has done. Here is no novelist who takes liberties with history. Here is the superb artistry of an endowed genius, with a social, economic, industrial passion for humanity, who says “I will take humanity and I will take the countries of the earth and I will set them up against the reality of history and historical people.”

That is why the authoritative and authentic voice of Professor Frederick L. Schumann, whose book “Design For Power” I discussed, came out and said “No man has written better history of this hour than Upton Sinclair has written in “Dragon’s Teeth.” That is the verdict of a historian. Wherever Upton Sinclair touches history he leaves it alone; he doesn’t say that this should be this way and that should be that way, he says this is it, and that is why you have a picture of the unspeakable Hitler in this book that exists nowhere else among all the writers—neither Shirer nor John Gunther nor the English novelists nor any of the essayists or journalists or any of the reporters whom I have read, and I think I have read them all, has ever given a more realistic picture of the inner workings of the growth of Nazism and made a more complete, adequate psycho-analysis, as well as a psychopathic investigation of the character and personalities of Göring and Goebbels and Hitler

than Upton Sinclair in “Dragon’s Teeth.” When the historian of 1,000 years from now sits down to draw a picture of Adolf Hitler and of Göring and of Goebbels, he will go to his sources for a portrayal, for the detachment, the penetration, the understanding, the conception of the forces at work in the minds and hearts of vicious men, who aroused a stricken people who were suffering to the extent of becoming psychopaths as a defeated nation and a defeated race, who were experiencing the viciousness and the reaction which inevitably come from inferiority complexes, for the whole German nation was suffering from an inferiority complex, and Hitler and Göring and Goebbels and all the rest of those early Nazis were but the external manifestations of a psychologically ill people, and a great people, too.

Upton Sinclair saw that, and he has portrayed the growth and development of this struggle right straight through to the very end. Now, when will we get the rest of the story? Upton Sinclair tells us, when he says, “Those two foxes, Hitler and Mussolini, when their brushes are hung in my library, above my fireplace,” and he said, “when that hour comes, then I shall write the last volume of the series.”

This one closes with Lanny about 30, and the development of the growth of anti-semitism is outlined here in Dragon’s Teeth in a magnificent portrayal, and what is it? Well, as the story opens, here is that rich Jewish family of Johannes Robin. He has two children, and as so frequently happens, both of them are almost prodigies; one a prodigy in music, who evidences a quality of genius that you will see so frequently manifested in despised races and in criticised people. There is a psychological law involved there. I could call a roll of 25 names of men and women of genius in the

world of music, of architecture, of painting, of the creative arts, who are wholly of Jewish origin. There is something in this kinship of creativeness with frustration and cruelty. It is one of the miracles of creativeness. That is why the Jew in Germany, though he was less than one-half of one percent of the population, occupied more than 48 percent of the positions of art, the professions, science, philosophy, the literature of the German people. The most important doctors and surgeons of Berlin were Jews. The most famous men of literature were Jews, most famous scientists were Jews, the most famous musicians, the most famous people in all Germany were Jews—less than half of one per cent of the population. There arose upon all this the opportunity to crystallize hate against people who achieved, not on the basis of their race, but because the rest couldn't meet the competition. When the gentiles of Germany felt that they couldn't meet the competition in the marts of achievement, then the answer was, as heralded from the lips of Hitler, "Kill the Jew, and when you get rid of the Jew, you will eliminate all the rest of the trouble."

Upton Sinclair saw the utter falacy of that, just as every right-minded and honest person, who separates himself from his prejudices and sits down to think will see the absolute untruth of it. He said: "I will take this rich American, just as rich as any Jew in Germany, Irma Barnes, and I will create a Jewish family whose wealth is created by a gentile, and which didn't achieve largely because of their own ability," and we have the Robin family; and Johannes Robin, because of the opportunity and these two children of his, one of whom marries Lanny's sister—the son marries Lanny's sister—and in the inter-mar-

riage relationship between this Jewish family and the Budd family, Sinclair fearlessly introduces into the whole problem this question of assimilation. We see, in the development of this anti-semitism in Germany, the result on a family where a Jew marries a gentile, where they are in the same financial status and social strata; and he uses a yacht as the opportunity to throw all the people together.

There is just one thing about this book—and I should say it if Mr. Sinclair sat in this audience tonight—which was irritating to me: in much of it I think he could have said the same thing in many less words—there are over 600 pages in this book and this is the smallest of the three—but when he takes that Polish medium and puts her on this ship and they have these seances, and we spend so much time listening to what Tecumseh, her little Indian guide, has to say; and then he plays upon the infantile temperament of Zaharof in bringing this Polish medium and great munitions king together, and I don't know why, unless Upton Sinclair wanted to get to you and to me, as readers, a picture of the quality of mind and heart of this international character, this munitions king, who dabbled in all of it. You remember, Lanny's own father, Robbie, had to come and sell some of the stock in the munition factory which they owned in Connecticut, for the story opens in 1929, in the beginning of the panic, and closes in the purge of Munich in Berlin in 1934. I think perhaps Upton Sinclair deliberately introduced this medium in order to find a way by which he could reveal artistically, and yet not too brutally, the real kind of man that Zaharof was. You remember the medium has an awful time getting names and leads, until finally it leaks out he was convicted of a crime when he was 22. He

had been given some goods and sold the goods and kept the money—not unusual even in 1942—and he wanted us to see his character.

Upton Sinclair is a true religious liberal. He doesn't accept any of the things that he says in the book about this medium and this spiritualism. You will know that if you read his own book on life. You will see the magnificent range of his interest. We didn't care what the medium was able to tell him that he did at 22, but what Upton Sinclair was trying to do, was for us to get a picture of that old disreputable person when he was the age that he then was. Upton Sinclair wanted us to see him as he was then, in his friendship and his insistence that he would be friends with the Robin family—and then as the days and weeks go on, unrest and starvation and all these things took place throughout Germany and there was a hidden, subterranean current at work—one can feel it in society. I think there is something like that at work now—that there is a very strange psychical current underneath this whole world movement at the present time. I think this is all about something infinitely more than any one of us dream; that underneath this whole ghastly expenditure of human life, this impoverishment of the essentials of life there is a deeper significance. Upton Sinclair teaches this in this whole story of the Robins family, and the Budd family, in the attitude and character of young Lanny, when he goes to the friend, beards the lions of Nazism in their dens, tells them exactly what he stands for and watches the cunningness by which they attempt to use him first, after Robins has lost everything and he is brutally emaciated in a concentration camp, until he would give all his money to even blot out the memory of all that took place there. No one

has ever yet told the whole truth as to the extent of the brutality inflicted by the Nazis when they were going into power. When the madness took possession of these men, it was Lanny Budd who gave evidence of his friendship with Robin right straight through, to land himself, finally in a concentration camp, only to incur the anger of his own wife, Irma, in addition to all the other agony, because he, with his protection, his safety, his security, should stoop to be concerned about such things as these.

Who is Lanny Budd? I will tell you who I think he has grown to be. He is 30. He is just about the age that Upton Sinclair was when he wrote *The Jungle*, and I think Lanny Budd is the ergo Upton Sinclair, and I think in this book there is auto-biography, and Lanny Budd is molded, under the inspirations of his own consciousness of wrong-doing and injustice, by the genius of Upton Sinclair, and he is, himself, his own clay. He is molding his whole life, and it is magnificent to see Lanny Budd, after all the experience he has had in the Europe he loves, after the development and fruition of his own personality which culminate with fatherhood, after all the experience which came to him—a nation mad, utilizing every design known in the whole political manipulation of honorable men, with the fears of communism, of socialism and the hatred of democracy, with a cause that could write a song in which fine youth could march singing and swinging, as I heard them in Danzig myself, and on the shores of the Baltic, in that hour which I never shall forget, when I saw them as he saw them, thousands on the sands, physically strong, muscles like steel, blood pure, eyes clear, bodies powerful, swinging and singing "Today it is Europe; tomorrow it is the world," and it was in that hour that Upton

Sinclair saw that this was of universal design.

He carries us on through scene and episode and heartache and tears, unspeakable cruelty and torture, into the very presence of Der Fuhrer himself, who, in the insanity of his own madness, and the sense of his own importance, while treachery stalked by him, and his own conscience never even quivered, handed the revolver to his most intimate and best friend and said to him, "This is my answer." The death of those who had made him, disturbed not the equilibrium of his sense of destiny, and hate and cruelty and torture were the tools by which a people were cowed, while they were played upon as an organist plays upon his great organ the discords of hate:— Catholics hate Jews; hate them, they are not Germans; they are not superior; they are not Aryans. We are Aryans. It is the design of God, that we should rule in Europe, and the world, and they who stand in our way must be mowed down like weeds for the perfect grain of our Aryan superiority.

And Lanny Budd at thirty clenched his fists and tightened his soul. It was America—the America that had taken his own family, in poverty and despair and built them into a world power. It was the America that Lanny Budd had learned to know intermittently in his visits to America; it was the ancestry of freedom—something Germans have never had. No German in Europe has ever had the tradition of freedom. They are, as Lanny Budd has said again and again, to be pitied. Only those Germans who came out after the revolution of 1848 and planted themselves in every valley and in every village and in every hillside of our middle west, settled all over Wisconsin, all over eastern Iowa, place after place in Illinois, 350,000 of their sons'

sons in the City of Chicago tonight! They are the fine Germans that you see among us, with the excellency of their record for citizenship, they represent, in the two years, and twice in the lifetime of us, when their fatherland has been at war with this nation, a minimum amount of treason or trouble compared to the thousands of fine Germans who live among us. These are not the Germans of Hitler's Germany. These are the Germans of the revolution of 1848; and when Bismarck marched down the Champs de Elysée in the Place de la Concorde in Paris in 1871, and the modern German confederation of states was born, there were thousands who left, and fled the tyranny of military life in Germany to find freedom in America, and nine out of every ten, the record shows, in this nation today are loyal to the United States of America.

The thing that Upton Sinclair was trying to tell us and make us see so vividly was the fact that he, with this American tradition of freedom, stood in utter relief (as Lanny Budd in parenthesis), Upton Sinclair against the new Germany, designed in the sick brain and degenerate heart of Adolf Hitler, and that he would stand by the Robins and he would stand by his principles. As we come to the close, he even became the spy and pretended to become a Nazi, the better that he might find out the mystery of this strange new religion that has captivated the soul of a people; and then when Lanny has escaped his trouble, back again with Irma—it is an unfinished book—the end of the chapter is no end at all.

There will be another book written and it is my prayer that Upton Sinclair may live to write it. When the day dawns, and indeed it must dawn, every bomber will be grounded and every submarine be on the surface, every

warship at anchor, every soldier and sailor and marine sleeping in peace, with a good night's rest; no little children will be afraid, and the ghastly, Godless stream of shrapnel will be turned into the uses of peace; Hitler and hate will be given, under the law of God, the final defeat—for ladies and gentlemen you and I live in a world where honor, decency, love, virtue, kindness are going to have the last word. They are going to win, and underneath all this humanity there is stirring now the psychic forces of the renaissance. A new world is in the making; a new day will dawn from this awful night. It will be light! It will be morning! It will be beautiful!

And no man and no woman and no little child will be hurt or tortured, because of their race, their religion or their color. The great German people will find their souls and the Japanese will turn their backs upon their militarists and their pagan gods. Kagawa will sing again in Tokio, of the Prince of Peace. Goethe, the master mind of the German people will sing in Weimar. Rousseau and Chateaubriand will sing in Paris, Mazzini in Rome, John Milton in London, Tolstoi in Russia, Lincoln in America. These are the birth pangs we are in now! We are in labor! It is a new birth and the child will be a child of peace and will live—eternally live!

HONOR ROLL OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams, Harold Hanson, John L. Freitag, George Freitag, Howard Wentz, Kurt Proud, Kurt Meyer, George Formanek, Jr., Lloyd Blue, Jr., Howard Carlseen, Clinton R.

Sipe, Dr. Henry C. Johannes, Edward W. Nonnenbruch, Wm. Robert DeWees, Harold Ingersoll, Henry J. Tinling, Yale W. Rowley, Douglas L. Palo, James H. Meyer, Robert H. Meyer, Lester G. Riley, William F. Hobbs, Duane Terry, Frank G. Christ, Richard P. Strand, Norman P. Anderson, Arthur E. Toepfer, Muriel Mlyniec, Robert Murphy, Robert Olson, Frans Eronson, Forrest A. Oldenburg, William V. Myers, James Code.

ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

It will be greatly appreciated by the church office, in case you are changing your address, if you will please send in your name and new address very plainly written, preferably typed or printed, so we may have a correct mailing list. It may interest people to know that poor handwriting is estimated by the Post Office Department to cost the American people approxi-

mately eighty million dollars a year.

We know, by experience that this is true, for lack of correct addresses costs us a great deal in wasted postage and stationery. Therefore we will greatly appreciate it and thank you, and so will Uncle Sam, if you will give this your careful attention.

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church.

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The Peoples Church On Easter Sun., April 5th, 1942

Miss Edith L. Anderberg, Miss Gertrude Annesser, Mrs. Ina M. Brown, Mrs. E. G. Carlseen, Miss Hazel Carlseen, Private Howard Carlseen, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., Mrs. Mabel Cichon, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Eagle, (from Waveland Avenue Congregational Church), Miss Josephine Gardiner (from Church of Disciples of Eureka, Illinois), Mrs. Henrietta M. Graham, Mrs. Nellie Garland, Mrs. John R. Gregory, Mrs. Bernice Harris, Mrs. Marguerite Hartmann, Miss Ella D. Hays, Mrs. Elizabeth Hilland, Miss Lucille Hilland, Mrs. E. P. Holmgren, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Huff, Lt. Col. Henry C. Johannes, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Kosir, Mrs. Quentin Lambert, Mrs. Jas. P. Lannon (from 1st Congregational Church, Forrest, Ill.), Mr. Chas. Laubinger, Mrs. Gladys E. M. League, Mrs. E. L. Leay, Miss Frances Liggett, Mr. Jess Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lyman, Miss Cleo Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton H. Marsh (from North Shore Methodist Church, Glencoe, Ill.), Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Marsh (from North Shore Methodist Church, Glencoe, Ill.), Mrs. Betty Mathews, Miss Celestia L. Myers, Corp. William V. Myers, Turner Field, Albany, Georgia, Mrs. Theodore Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neu, Mr. Max Ed Nonnenbruch, Mrs. Wm. R. Paige, Mrs. Estelle Perkins (from Granville Ave. Methodist Church), Mrs. Inga Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Powell, Mrs. Harriet Price, Miss Alice Rammon, Mrs. Emma Roeder, Miss Harriet Rubin, Mrs. J. W. Sieger, Mrs. Margaret E. Slosson (from St. Paul's Universalist Church), Miss

Magretha J. Stamp, Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Stockwell, Mr. Roy Stockwell, Jr., Mrs. M. Szabo, Miss Yolanda Szabo, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Victorin, Mr. James Victorin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Myndert A. Vosburgh (from Broadway Tabernacle, New York), Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Walger, Mr. Fred Walger, Mrs. Ida May Webster, Miss Mary Jane Webster, Mrs. Margaret Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph B. Whitney, Mr. Jas. Woods, Miss Mary Alice Yarrington (from Methodist Church, Elkhorn, Wis.), Mrs. Grace Martin Beninghof, Mr. Tifon A. Buchik, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carlson (from First Presbyterian Church, Knoxville, Ia.), Mrs. Anna Mae Kish, Mrs. Elfreda Levy, Miss Toni Marsh, Mrs. Nora Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Ostrom, Mrs. Roy Steffey, Mr. James Steenhill (from Unity Church), Mrs. John H. Weiser, Miss Anna Burda, Mr. Robert K. Osterberg, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleischmann.

Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and neighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.

Christenings In The Peoples Church

MARCH

22—Carroll Margaret, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nechrony.
Elsa Irene Wolf

APRIL—EASTER SUNDAY

5—George Robert and Sandra Jane,
children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Lannin

Ronald Philip, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Ernest Wright

Elizabeth Ann and William Al-
bany, children of Mr. and Mrs.
William Harrington

Kent Lincoln, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Ralph Granzin

Lee Alfred, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Francis Johnson

Jeffri Sarger, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. John Bash

Charles Todd, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Chas. Caddell

Thomas Austin, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Walter Boynton

Margaret Phyllis, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Philip Jorgensen

John Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs.
William Wild

David Richard, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Shirley Kluge

Kenneth Dean, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Alfred Brooks

Kenneth Wayne, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Percy Moran

Ronald Jay, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Russell Luecke

Richard John, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Milton Hill

James Arthur, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Arthur Johnson

Darlene Shirley, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. B. Gregg Griffith

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Dr. Bradley's Engagements for the Month

From March 16th to April 15th

MARCH

- 16—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Lawn Manor
- 17—Address. Beverly Theatre
Radio Address. WGN
- 18—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sycamore, Ill.
- 20—Address. Executive Club. Sherman Hotel
Radio Address
Address. St. Charles, Ill.
- 22—Two services. Peoples Church
- 23—Address. Ad. Post. Sherman Hotel
Library Board Meeting
Radio Address. WGN
- 24—Radio Address
- 25—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 26—Address. Int. Harvester Co.
McCormick Club House
Radio Address. WGN
- 27—Radio Address. WGN

Address. 20th Annual Banquet.
I.W.L.A. LaSalle Hotel

- 29—Two services. Peoples Church
(Palm Sunday)
- 30—Opening Holy Week Service
Studebaker Theatre
Radio Address. WGN
Evening Service. Peoples Church
- 31—Noonday Service. Studebaker
Radio Address. WGN
Evening Service. Peoples Church

APRIL

- 1—Noonday Service. Studebaker
Radio Address. WGN
Evening Service. Peoples Church
- 2—Noonday Service. Studebaker
Radio Address. WGN
Communion Service. Peoples Ch.
- 3—Noonday Service. Studebaker
Radio Address. WGN
Good Friday Service. Peoples Church
- 5—Four Easter services. Peoples Church
- 6-22—Speaking tour—Mexico

Weddings

MARCH

- 20—William R. Northlich and Ruth Bradshaw
- 21—Frederick H. Norton and Olga Kezele
Ward H. Bell and Margarett
Sonia Brenner
Seymour L. Danzinger and
Lorraine G. Barry
Lee M. Sundblad and Lorraine

Zwengel

- 22—Bernard Kovnat and Dorothy Zazer
- 28—Stanley Stephen Baron and Gledoris Hendricks
Stanley C. Harris and Mary Zorelda Gilmore

APRIL

- 4—Wendell P. Lundell and Sadie Sweet

Funerals

MARCH

- 16—Richard Herczel
- 21—Mrs. Peter Lorenzen
- 25—Frank McCummons
- 26—William G. Grimes

- 27—Mrs. Frank Timme
Paul Menn
Mrs. Ellen Nielsen
- 30—Mabel Schneider
- 31—Howard B. Hollis
Lloyd Kirkland

Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
.....9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....
.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB..Every Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock—Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....
.....Every Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH GUILD.....
.....4872 Sheridan Road—Open daily 9:00 to 5:00, except Sunday
(November through April) (Saturday closes at noon)

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Monday, May 4th—12:30 p.m.—
Annual Spring Luncheon—Edgewater Beach Hotel
Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley
Music, Pro Musica Ensemble

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Monday, May 4th—Annual Meeting. Reports and Election of Of-
ficers—Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.
Monday, May 11th—Annual Spring Dinner—Central Eleanor Club
Guest artists: J. Bradley-Griffin, dramatic recitalist and Director
of the Uptown Players
Naomi Cook, Soloist, Chicago City Opera Company

MEN'S CLUB...Meets every Fourth Monday—Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every Second Thursday at 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB..Meets First and Third Tuesdays at 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS....Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month,
October to May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m.
May 15th and 16th, Civic Theatre, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd.
"His Honor, Father Time," by Clarence M. Shapiro.
Prices: 55c, 83c and \$1.10. Studio 410 S. Michigan, Web. 2123.

JUNIOR THEATRE OF THE UPTOWN PLAYERS.....
.....Plays announced from time to time

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